

ABOUT Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

TO-NIGHT at Yonkers the "Midnight Frolic" show that preceded the present one will become a vaudeville attraction. It has been obtained by Margaret Irving as a starring vehicle for herself. As it was presented at the New Amsterdam Theatre it was not a starring vehicle for anybody, so old doctor Tommy Gray was called in and he wrote the show a book. Felix Adler and Paul Frawley will be in the company and there will be twenty pretty girls. The original musical numbers, written by Gene Buck, Dave Stumper and Louis Hirsch, have been retained, as have some of the costumes and scenery. Ned Wayburn, who staged it originally for Mr. Ziegfeld, has produced it for Miss Irving. The show is to play a preliminary tour out of the city and then come to the U. B. O. houses if all goes well.

Mr. Gray will be in the audience at Yonkers to-night, which fact in itself should be an inducement for the Yonkers people to attend the show.

CASINO GETS ANNA HELD.
Anna Held, in her new musical piece, "Follow Me," produced under Schubert direction, will begin an engagement at the Casino Nov. 27. "Flora Belle," now at the Casino, will move to the Forty-fourth Street.

LITTLE ALICE IS A CUTEY.
No doubt, Mr. and Mrs. Reader, you've been wondering what has become of Philip Mc. Dooner, our West Ninety-seventh Street poet. Philip had blood-poison in his writing arm and had to forego provoking the muse for two weeks. Saturday, however, he managed to write an effusion. The rhyme, which is dedicated to little Alice Mary Moore, doesn't show the effect of the blood-poison to any great extent. Here it is:

On this day of November, anniversary,
I dedicate this rhyme to a little girl named,
A sweet, innocent child, for a poem a good one,
This bright day of November, sweet Alice Mary Moore.

Alice Mary is her mother, Tom Moore's her dad,
Combined there never was three so good as glad,
The only ones that have ever, I am sure,
In their family ever, sweet Alice Mary Moore.

Mail, loved one!

FRAZEE NOT TO QUIT.
H. H. Frazee isn't going to completely abandon the theatrical business to its fate, after all. Although he will be pretty busy looking after his baseball team, the Boston Americans, he intends to produce a couple of plays in January. In the mean time, however, he may sell his "Nothing but the Truth" production. He doesn't want to be bothered with a theatrical success during the Christmas holidays when a preponderance of every man's thought leans toward old Kris Kringle.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.
When Mister Had Habit drops in for a call look out that he doesn't decide to send up his trunk, his house-furnishings and all with you forever aside. He's always out seeking a permanent home, so don't you be cordial with him. Just let him continue to seek and to roam. He cold-blooded, impolite, grim. Had Habit's a wise one. He's pleasant to meet. He'll work himself into your heart. His smile is alluring. You'll think it a treat to know him, so smooth is his art. You'll find him obliging; in fact, he's a prince. I warn you he's full of deceit. That he's a great faker's been proven long since. And now I must go home and eat.

THE NUTTS ARE AT OUTS.
Jeff Nutt, comedian, is not speaking to his wife, Mrs. Elvira Nutt, these days. He recently told her that smoking was killing him. The next day she put her arms around his neck and said:

"Jeff, dear, I've decided on what I'll give you for Christmas."

"What?" he asked.

"Some nice cigars," said Mrs. Nutt. Right then he broke off diplomatic relations.

CENTURY'S RECORD CRACKED.
Under the heading of "No Argument," the following note comes to us from the Hippodrome:

"The Hippodrome did its customary week-end trade on Saturday, paying to over \$11,000 at the two performances of 'The Big Show.'"

Since the Hip's show is musical an appropriate comment would be: "Century press department please write!"

OUR OWN MINSTRELS.
Bones Good evening, Mr. Interlocutor! Why is Charles E. Hughes like Jess Willard?

Interlocutor—I give it up. Tell us why Charles E. Hughes is like Jess Willard.

"Because he has refused to take the count."

Interlocutor—Good evening, Mr. Tambor! I hear your brother has become a decorator.

Tambo—Yes. He spends his time painting the town.

Interlocutor—Archibald Highnote, our peerless tenor, will sing his latest ballad success: "He Took Her to the toe Rink and She Quit Him Cold."

GOSSIP.
Helen Barnes has succeeded Vivian Wessell in "Nothing But the Truth." Harry and Eva Puck have a new playlet by Edgar Allen Woolf called "The Song Hit." They're at the Colonial.

A special matinee performance of "Pollyanna" will be given at the Hudson the day after Thanksgiving for school children.

Jane Ware has a leading role in the "Rolling Stones" company which goes to the Coast. She used to be in "Texas."

"Girls Will Be Girls" will have its first performance to-night at the Lyric, Philadelphia.

FOOLISHMENT.
A handsome young Plymouth Rock rower, when told to stop eating, refused to stop. The next day he found no food in his stomach.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.
"That means that fewer of them will go down."

"S' MATTER, POP?"

And We Thought That She Was Smiling at Us!

By C. M. Payne



HENRY HASENPFEFFER

Being the Romance of a Poor Young Man Who Was Slow on the Trigger!

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL

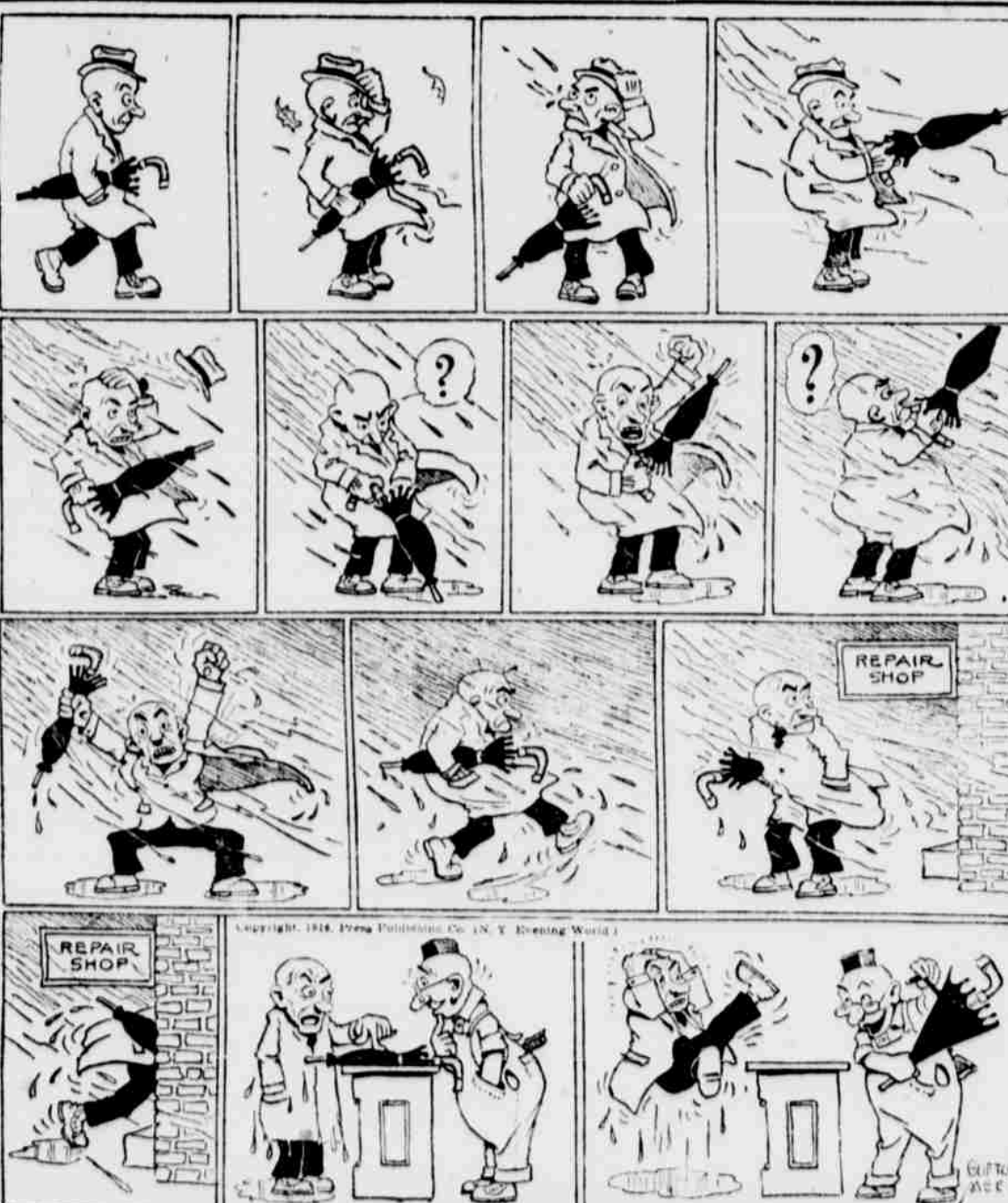
In Which the Hero Takes One Look—and Then Leggs!

By Vic



"THE OFF DAY"

By Clifton Meek



"FLIVVERS"

By Jack Callahan



THE REAL HARDSHIP.

SOME men were excavating for a cellar in Columbus and the ground was hard where they were working. They had a team of mules hitched to a plough and one man handled the reins while another swung on the plough handles and tried to guide. The afternoon was hot, the mules were lazy, the ground seemed to get harder and harder, and the man toiled away, inwardly boiling. On porches in every direction women sat and fanned or else busied themselves with fancy work.

"That ground's pretty hard," suggested a passer, who had stood and watched the work for a few minutes. The man at the plough handles glanced at the driver. The latter seemed about to explode because of too much pent up emotion. He nodded in the driver's direction.

"That ain't the worse part of it," he explained. "You see there are so many women sitting on these porches around here that he can't cuss his mules."—Indianapolis News.

RARE INTERVAL.

WHILE a certain Scotch minister was conducting religious services in an asylum for the insane one of the inmates cried out wildly:

"I say, have we got to listen to this?"

The minister, surprised and confused, turned to the keeper and said:

"Shall I stop speaking?"

The keeper replied:

"No, no; gang along, gang along; that will not happen again. That man only has one lucid moment every seven years."—Christian Herald.

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